

plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how ⁵¹² he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illuminates his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit ⁵¹² where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, ⁴⁶² taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected ^[521] separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *ai* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled ^[554] and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if ^[537] they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

"Chantsign, listen to this. Chantsign, listen to this." Singing is a favorite way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kangguín had said to her: "if you were my wife I would not treat you that way." Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kangguín always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmbá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmbá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the housepost and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmbá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vornblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikukló's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an affair with Yonggó, then with Kangguín and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ó." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundágn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendó's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndili. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndili. She has gone off with her lover Ndili to get nuts." Amendó sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

When the fathers were mightily drunk they called their sons by their *wiká*, the special boasting name that every male has, and repeated stereotyped phrases that referred to no specific deed but to their general prowess. "When my father wanted to kill someone," said Vomblé, "he was *waikeyá* and he would boast to me, '*hákshá pi, hákshá pi chugn mbó pi ché é pi.*'" In order that my children may remember me when I am dead I say to them when they drink water, You will not die! The horses' children [the whites] throw their guns about the places where the children sleep and the children hide before them. Therefore I raid their dwellings, and they hide from me with their children.'" Thus the father boasted to his own children. He did not face a large audience and recount in detail the blows he had struck so that he might measure his prowess against that of another man and so that the people might check him if he lied. Boasting among the Kaingáng was not a means by which each man strove to take the measure of his neighbor and outstrip him if he could. Through boasting a man built up his own self-esteem, but boasting had a very limited scope and was peculiar in character.

The Constructive Aspect of Waikeyá

Among primitives, individual attainments that make boasting possible are frequently stepping-stones to power; they may at times even permit a man to infringe on the liberties of the less fortunate members of his society. This is true to a certain extent among the Kaingáng also, but the principal function of *waikeyá* is not to give unbounded sway to the whims of individuals, but to enforce good behavior; that is, such as is socially sanctioned. Thus, when Cha was bitten by wild pigs, Pandjumbógn, who had to carry the stricken boy, decided that he was too much of a load and so deserted him. But as he went along through the forest the thought kept recurring to him constantly, "In spite of my boasting I threw him away. When the others hear about it they'll ridicule me." So at last, according to the tale, he went back, and, taking up Cha, carried him home. There are stories of men who have lost their lives because of their strong feeling of *waikeyá*, for death itself was preferable to the ridicule that they would certainly draw on themselves if they failed to live up to the opinion which they had of themselves and which they tried to instill in others. When the Kangdjá descended on them one day in a great body, taking the whole camp unaware, their first impulse was to run away; but Tondófin shouted, "When you taste beer you boast and boast to the children, but now you are leaving them!" So they gathered up all their arrows. Thukúgn said, "The women and the Kangdjá made fun of me very much and now the latter are coming!" Then they all remained and fought, and many were killed."

* Initialled words are Vomblé's *wiká* names.